

AND PART JfENOPHE.
ODES, 447

MARY, my Saint chaste and
mild! Pity, ah, pity my suit!
Thou art a virgin^ pity me !
Shine eyes, though pity
wanting; That she, by them,
my grief may see !
And look on mine heait panting!
But her deaf ears, and
tongue mute^ Shews her
hard heart unreconciled !
Hard heart, from all remorse exiled!



ODE 4,

BACCHUS ! Father of all sport!
Worker of Love's
comfort! VENUS' best beloved
brother!
(Like beloved is none other !)
Greater Father of Felicity !
Fill full, with thy divinity, These
thirsty and these empty veins !
Thence, fuming up into my brains,
Exceed APOLLO, through thy might!
And make me, by thy motion light^
That, with alacrity, I may
Write pleasing Odes ! and still display
PARTHENOPHE, with such high praises,
(Whose beauty, Shepherds all amazes)
And, by those means, her loves obtain 1
Then, having filled up every vein, I
shall be set in perfect state
The rights of love to celebrate ! Then,
each year, fat from my sheepcot,
Thy sacrifice, a tydie goat! And
'lew evol shall be
Loud chanted, everywhere, to thee !